The background of the entire image is a traditional marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, repeating design of stylized, overlapping scales or feathers. The primary color is a deep, rich red. Interspersed within this red are intricate patterns of white, cream, and a muted blue. The overall effect is a complex, textured, and visually busy surface.

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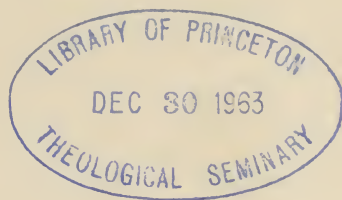
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THE REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD,

Minister in the Church

OF

THE UNITED BRETHREN.

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AN EPITOME
OF THE
TRUE CHRISTIAN.

X A sinner born—by grace a saint,
By faith and hope upheld,
His soul's true life, when weak and faint,
In Jesus is conceal'd :
A pilgrim in a vale of woes,
Th' immortal seed within,
From grace to grace he onward goes,
Till glory's scenes begin.



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HYMNS.

I.

TUNE 580.

1

GLORY divine, Creation fill'd ;
Whate'er Jehovah's wisdom will'd,
His Fiat call'd it forth ;
Where'er we go, where'er we turn,
Illumin'd orbs the heavens adorn,
Diffusing light thro' all the earth.

2

Survey we well this earthly sphere,
All creatures striking impress bear
Of their Original ;
But Man, of all most favor'd stands,
The noblest work of God's own hands,
By Him design'd to govern all.

3

Ah! Man, created here to reign,
His rank forgot; his heart was vain;
 A reptile him deceiv'd;
The image of his God he lost;
Of evils soon ensued a host;
 Each creature no small share receiv'd.

4

Here pause, my soul, o'erwhelm'd with shame;
Remember, God is not to blame,
 Thyself alone in fault;
Still of thy state do not despair,
Since grace and mercy shine most clear
 In Christ whose love we now exalt.

5

By Him was bruis'd the serpent's head,
When on the Cross, in mankind's stead,
 He cried, "'tis finished;"
The curse, on Adam's race entail'd,
Is now remov'd—let grace be hail'd!
 The sting of death's extinguished.

6

Salvation's wonders far surpass
All nature's works of every class ;
Angels confounded are ;
By God, in human flesh array'd,
Redemption's glories are display'd ;
Believe, and love with filial fear.



II.

TUNE 341.

1

IN Bethlehem's city mean,
The promis'd Seed was seen.
Sun of Righteousness most fair,
Morning-star for ever bright,
Son of God, of all things heir,
Thee we hail, the world's true light.

2

Thou Jesus art the same,
Unchang'd abides Thy name :
Laid upon the manger there,
Round Thy head the glory's seen,
In Thy countenance appear
Grace and truth and peace serene.

3

Could I a sight obtain,
With Jesus I'd remain ;
Though in His despised form,
Carnal eyes no beauty see,
Faith discerns the loveliest charm,
Nought with Him compar'd can be.

4

The cross's humbling sign,
With His mean birth combine ;
There the bleeding Lamb behold,
While the shame He meekly bore ;
All the promises of old,
In His death we now explore.

5

Angelic minds are struck,
While on their God they look ;
Wonders past created sense
In His birth and death they see ;
'Twas His love's omnipotence,
Boundless as the air, and free.

6

Inspire us, Lord, we pray,
To raise a grateful lay,
In concert with the heavenly host
Harbingers of heavenly joy ;
Christ is come to save the lost,
Peace to give without alloy.



III.

TUNE 11.

*(This hymn is merely designed as an epitome of Christ's ministerial walk,
not for Devotion.)*

1

In the Saviour's daily walk,
In His soul-enlight'ning talk,
True simplicity we see,
Meekness, deep humility.

2

Godlike virtues in Him shine ;
All His acts and words divine ;
Never man like Him was seen,
Sorrowful, yet so serene.

3

In the world His Fiat made,
He'd no home to lay His head ;
Mountains were His favor'd spot,
There His cares were not forgot.

4

Earthly goods possess'd He none,
Who was King of every throne,
Tho' the silver, gold, were His,
Yields a fish the tribute piece.

5

Ready every one to serve,
Anguish, pain, ne'er made Him swerve,
From the work for which He came,
Peace and good-will to proclaim.

6

In each city, village, town,
Each disease to Christ was shewn :
'Fore the gather'd, wondering crowd,
Healing virtue from Him flow'd.

7

Cried a patient to be heal'd,
Cure and pardon Jesus seal'd ;
Bid him go in peace his way,
Sin no more, or go astray.

8

None His soul did so displease
As the Scribes and Pharisees ;
Hypocrites His anger rais'd,
All their secret sins He blaz'd.

9

Great compassion Jesus shew'd
To the list'ning, hungry crowd ;
While, as man, His power He hid,
Miracles at times He did.

10

Wind and wave His voice obey'd—
By a word he rais'd the dead,
Devils drave from souls possess'd ;
All His power divine confess'd.

11

Blind, or lame, or deaf applied ;
His great skill were none denied ;
Types are those of ails within,
Maladies produced by sin.

12

All the poor and needy were
Objects of His daily care ;
Tenderness He felt for all
Mourning under Adam's fall.

13

Come to me, (magnetic sound)
All ye weary, who, sin bound,
Heavy laden are in mind,
Only come, ye rest shall find.

14

Children were His soul's delight,
In His scales they bore great weight ;
Seeing once an infant group,
In His arms He took them up.

15

Blessing them—to men he said,
Of such th' heavenly kingdom's made ;
Would ye enter, then must ye
Such become, and humble be.

16

They on whom His love was set,
Were in Him the most complete ;
He to them remain'd a friend,
Loving them unto the end.

17

Weak in faith they oft appear'd,
But their doubts away he clear'd ;
Spake He of His sufferings here,
Hard it seem'd for them to bear.

18

Every act proclaims aloud,
Jesus is the Son of God ;
All His sufferings prove Him man ;
Natures two, but one the plan ;

19

Our redemption to obtain,
Paradise once lost regain,
Heaven's kingdom ope to all
Who before his cross shall fall ;

20

Calling on His saving name,
Filled with the deepest shame,
To His mercy make appeal,
Sealed with the Cov'nant's seal.

21

Worship Him, ye angels bright,
Dwelling in celestial light ;
Ye that love His saving name,
Evermore His praise proclaim.



IV.

TUNE 167.

1

Go, my soul, into the garden,
Where thy Lord did oft resort ;
See Him sink beneath thy burden ;
No disciple yields support :

Mark His sinless soul's affliction
In the prospect of His death ;
And His Father's dereliction ;
All now seize His quiv'ring breath.

2

Hear His groans, His mournful crying,
“O my Father, can it be?”
Said the Saviour prostrate lying,
“From me take this cup away!”
In an instant recollecting
Born He was for sin t'atone,
He replied—(the thought correcting)
“Not my will, but Thine, be done.”

3

Press'd beyond the powers of nature,
Sweat, like drops of blood, falls down :
Soon appears an angel creature,
Sent from Glory's highest throne.
Ask we who is thus distressed ?
He that worlds had form'd, and me ;
Why His Holy soul depressed ?
Man to raise to dignity.

4

Bow, my soul, with deep compunction,

'Fore the suffering Lamb of God!

Wrestle for the sacred unction,

Mingled with His streaming blood,

Nought can equal this ablution;

Were thy sins of crimson hue,

It would cleanse thy deep pollution,

Thee regenerate anew.

5

May we daily be revising

Jesu's life of sorrows dire;

Most of all when agonizing,

Our salvation to acquire.

Here may we be ever learning

Sin, in every form, to hate;

In His passion be discerning

Holiness the most complete.



V.

TUNE 167.

1

To the Cross, bless'd Spirit, lead me,
Where, mid shame, the Saviour died ;
Let a breeze divine pervade me,
While I view Him crucified.
Far surpassing our frail reason
Is the heavenly mystery :
God in Christ, for man's foul treason,
Dies a death of infamy.

2

'Twixt two thieves the King of Glory
Bears the curse to rebels due !
Bowing down, Lord, I implore Thee,
Keep the sight in faith's clear view.
'Twas my sin the nails procured,
Which Thee fasten'd to the tree
What Thy holy soul endured,
I deserv'd eternally.

3

He, whom Angels once surrounded,
Wearing Heaven's chief diadem,
Now with piercing thorns is crowned,
Me to save from endless shame.
He, His sufferings quite completed,
Bow'd His sacred head in death ;
To His Father's breast retreated,
Sealing all with His last breath.

4

Here my seat I'll take for ever,
While for shame I love and weep :
As Thy trophy, seize me, Saviour,
In Thy faithful hand me keep.
In the Cross, with Paul, I'll glory ;
May I nothing know beside,
(Theme the most consolatory)
But my Jesus crucified.



VI.

TUNE 167.

1

Glorious morn, all morns exceeding !

Jesus from the dead is rais'd,

He, that on the Cross died bleeding,

Lives for ever—God be prais'd.

Judah's Lion all-victorious

Triumph'd over death and grave :

In His marred form, now glorious,

Dwells alone the power to save.

2

Who the Saviour loves, rejoices,

He hath kept His promis'd word :

Happy souls, exalt your voices ;

Praise aloud your risen Lord.

Death, last foe ! is now destroyed

By His rising from the dead ;

Zion's children are convoyed,

Fearless thro' Death's darkest shade.

3

Though the body is consigned
To the dust, from whence it came ;
With its spirit 'twill be joined,
At the trumpet's loud acclaim ;
“Come, ye dead, from all your places,
Where for ages ye have lain !”
Who in Jesus sleeps, embraces
The dread summons, free from pain.



VII.

TUNE 22.

1

Arise my soul, shake off each gloom ;
No longer weep o'er Jesu's tomb ;
For He, whom death could not enchain,
Is no more here—He's ris'n again.

2

Faith's swiftest wing this day expand ;
No moment lose ; He's near at hand ;
In some unheeded, lonely place
Thou'lt quickly see thy Saviour's face.

3

Howe'er transfigur'd He appear,
His every wound He still doth bear :
These tokens of a warrior great
All prove the victory complete.

4

With weeping Mary, we shall find,
The Lord remains a friend most kind.
Should doubts or fears by us be felt,
All-conquering proofs of love are dealt.

5

But when by name to us He calls,
His voice we know ; it Him recalls.
Whose countless sins He hath forgiv'n,
In Jesus finds on earth a heav'n.

VIII.

TUNE 89.

1

Come, my soul, and view in spirit

Jesus midst His family ;

Mark His sayings full of merit ;

Every word's a homily.

Peace to you, He kindly said,

Peace the world cannot invade.

2

Blessed was the solemn season,

When His hands and feet He shew'd :

Far surpassing carnal reason,

What these witnesses enjoy'd :

As their only Lord and God,

Thomas-like they Him avow'd.

3

Though remov'd from human vision,
Faith oft brings Him very near :
Souls, possessing deep contrition,
Feel Him present every where ;
Never sought we Christ in vain,
Never unreliev'd in pain.

4

Still, amongst His called people
Met together in His name,
Each one, like the bless'd disciple,
Feels His love's enkindling flame,
Causing every fear to cease,
To his heart imparting peace.

5

Worms we are, all poor and needy,
Yet for such He intercedes,
Oft we fail, are oft unsteady,
Still His blood for us He pleads.
To His blessed will may we,
Daily more conformed be.

IX.

TUNE 594.

1

By faith I see my Lord ascending
To His all-glorious rest above :
Be there, my soul, thy wishes tending,
On Him for ever set thy love.
The very form in which He suffer'd,
Is now exalted to the throne ;
There ceaseless adoration's offer'd
To Him who worthy is alone.

2

A cloud His body soon concealed
From His disciples' tearful eyes ;
His absence greatly they bewailed,
His promise proved their counterpoise.
In daily prayer they persevered,
Till Pentecost's all-powerful day ;
The promised Spirit then appeared
Before their eyes in wond'rous way.

3

As Christ was seen to Heaven ascending
With all His wounds in clearest light ;
In like blest form He'll be descending,
On clouds, array'd in glory bright ;
Then every eye His sign most glorious
Shall or with joy or pain discern ;
The faithful shall rejoice victorious,
But infidels with anguish burn.



X.

TUNE 590.

1

Since Christ the Cross, the shame, once bore,
And for our sins aton'd,
At God's right hand for evermore
He is with glory crown'd ;

'Bove ev'ry name that e'er was nam'd
In heav'n or on the earth,
The name of Jesus is proclaim'd,
Excelling all in worth.

2

Where'er is heard the glorious sound
Of Jesu's saving name,
Let ev'ry knee with awe profound
Bow down before the same ;
And ev'ry tongue aloud confess
That Jesus Christ is Lord,
And God, the heavenly Father, bless,
And laud with one accord.

3

Ye happy souls, who here have found
In Jesus life and peace,
Long as ye tread this earthly ground,
Oft bow before His face ;
And when ye called are above,
And join the ransom'd throng,
Then, perfected in holy love,
Shall Christ abide your song.

4

Eternity, where day and night,
 “Thrice Holy,” seraphs cry,
And ’fore the slaughter’d Lamb, in white,
 Th’ unnumber’d ransom’d lie :
There shall the victors’ countless throng
 Seraphic spirits join ;
Salvation’s triumphs fill their song,
 And shouts to grace divine.



XI.

TUNE 22.

1

Before the world’s foundations were,
 Upon His Father’s bosom lay
Christ Jesus, His own Son and heir,
 To whom all creatures homage pay.

2

He is the spotless Lamb of God,
From all eternity ordain'd
The great sin-offering by His blood,
That lost mankind might be regain'd.

3

As yesterday He was, the same,
His breast with love intense was fir'd ;
To-day from glory's throne He came,
Whom all the nations long desir'd.

4

His love to man the same abides,
Stronger than death its flame He shews ;
Yon glorious orb its brightness hides,
While He must taste sin's endless woes.

5

“ My God, my God ! ” aloud He cries,
“ Why thus forsaken must I be ? ”
As sinks the pulse, His love doth rise,
Resolv'd to die for you and me.

6

His every breath with grief was mix'd,
Eternal joys for us to gain ;
And when the spear His side transfix'd,
'Twas Love that burst from ev'ry vein.

7

From that great day unto this hour,
And long as time's swift wheels shall run,
He manifests His saving pow'r
To all that dwell beneath the sun.

8

To every soul He calls aloud,
"To-day if ye my voice will hear,
The voice of mercy in my blood,
Ye sav'd shall be from ev'ry fear."

9

Unto the Church, His ransom'd Bride,
A Husband kind and true He is,
Her strong support and faithful guide
Through changing time to endless bliss.

10

While in the vale she doth remain,
Her highest theme will Jesus be ;
Till she above, that He was slain,
With angels sings in unity.

11

Let honor, glory, praise, and pow'r,
Be still ascrib'd to Christ the Lamb—
He was, is, and will evermore
'Fore men and angels be the same.



XII.

TUNE 580.

1.

What love divine, benevolence
Surpassing human thought or sense,
In all God's ways appear ;
When we His Church on earth review,
Or every member's course pursue,
His love and truth compare !

2.

'Twas love alone His bosom mov'd,
A Church to form, by Him belov'd,
In which Christ rules as Head ;
Unworthy of our calling-high,
Asham'd the favor to apply,
The grateful tear at times we shed.

3

His purchas'd Bride with care He leads,
While goodness her deserts exceeds,
A friend in ev'ry need ;
Whate'er her trials here may be,
His mighty arm we clearly see ;
No foe against her shall succeed.

4.

Her outward form and rites appear
To many like a sacred sphere,
That God they there perceive ;
Her inward beauty none can know,
Until before the Cross they bow,
And Jesu's name and word believe.

5

By Him her prayers accepted are,
Her liturgies delight His ear,
Because His praise she sings ;
In weakness here 'tis all perform'd ;
When once with Angels' powers she's arm'd,
With highest lauds shall heaven ring.

6

Advert we to each member's case ;
Howe'er the view may us debase,
Not one will Christ forsake ;
Tho' oft we foolish are, and weak,
His face we only need to seek,
His word He will not, cannot break.

7

Or smooth, or rugged be the way
Thro' measur'd time to endless day,
"To death our guide He'll be ;"
If we but Jesus keep in sight,
By lively faith the battle fight,
A crown of glory He'll decree.

8

When we the Church triumphant join,
No more we mourn, no longer pine,
Our bliss will never end ;
With Christ our glorious Head, the Lamb,
(To all His friends the loveliest name,)
Eternal ages we shall spend.



XIII.

TUNE 167.

1

Brethren, oft be contemplating
O'er your precious lot of grace ;
Daily be ye meditating
On the Saviour's thoughts of peace ;
In the dust bow down adoring,
Bathe with tears His pierced feet ;
Constantly new grace imploring,
To be made for glory meet.

2

Joy and pain on earth are mixed,
Thro' a veil is Jesus seen ;
But in heaven our joys are fixed,
Skies unclouded, all serene.
Suff'rings here are transitory ;
Light indeed the most severe,
Set against the weight of glory,
Waiting us in yonder sphere.

3

Patiently may we be bearing
All that God for us ordain'd,
In His ways be persevering,
'Till the heavenly prize is gain'd.
Foretastes here are often given,
Like the grapes in Joshua's hand,
To increase desires for heaven
Far surpassing Canaan's land.

XIV.

TUNE 594.

1

What peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God converse !
No seraph's tongue to express is able
What feels a sinner freed from curse.
Such bliss t'enjoy in all its meaning,
Is first our sinful hearts to know,
And by the Holy Spirit's training,
Before the bleeding cross to bow.

2

From thence true life we are deriving,
With cleansing power from sin's each stain :
The bones once dry are now reviving,
And all within us born again.
Athirst we feel for food substantial,
For Jesus is our highest theme ;
In Him we've found the thing essential,
And He abides our bliss supreme.

3

Most bless'd are they who here possessing,
This wond'rous change from death to life,
In word and deed are still confessing
Their Saviour's name midst worldly strife;
His life and death, His bitter passion,
A solace prove, while here below;
And, when complete their faith's probation,
To see His face with joy they go.



XV.

TUNE 580.

1

How could we human nature bear,
With all its ills, its doubts, and fear,
Had Christ the same not prov'd?
But since our burthen'd flesh He bore,
With all its griefs and sorrows sore,
Humanity's the state most lov'd.

2

Though Angels were created free
From sin and each infirmity,
 With them we'd not exchange ;
So nearly join'd is God with man,
We must admire salvation's plan,
 Which only Jesus could arrange.

3

'Twas He o'er sin the victory gain'd,
And ev'ry grace and gift obtain'd,
 That we His own might be ;
Our wish supreme, while here we stay,
Is in His grace to grow each day,
 Befitted for eternity.

4

Though we a sickly frame must bear,
And often drop a silent tear,
 From love and need combin'd ;
When once the time desir'd shall come,
That we with Christ shall be at home,
 We shall enjoy the rest design'd.

XVI.

TUNE 590.

1

What is our life? a vapour all,
A shadow, empty, vain;
Till, by the Spirit's powerful call,
The soul is born again.
What is new life? inquires the mind,
Awaken'd from its dream;
In Christ 'tis hid; Him seek and find,
And life's a living stream.

2


Old things are passed clear away,
And all things new are made,
New thoughts, desires, spring up each day,
The heart on Christ is staid.
One glorious end is kept in view,
For heaven to be prepar'd;
Whate'er would rob us of this clue,
For ever we discard.

3

In lowliness 'fore God to walk
The new-born soul begins ;
No fabled bliss, or empty talk,
Is pardon for our sins ;
In Jesu's blood true peace is found,
And rest from labours hard ;
Our faith is built on solid ground,
On Christ, the' eternal Word.

4

Such Christians—glorious scenes await,
Replete with joy and peace,
When they with Jesus pass the gate
Where sin and sorrow cease ;
Then, bless'd beyond conception's power,
The ransom'd hosts they join,
And Him, the slaughter'd Lamb, adore
With anthems all-divine.



XVII.

TUNE 167 *and* 151.

1

O the joys unutterable,
When, in love's pure unity,
To the Head, inseparable,
Soul and body join'd shall be !
In this interim's condition
Sorrow oft disturbs our peace ;
Only wait the bless'd transition,
Tears will then for ever cease.

2

That we in faith be steady
Thy grace, O Lord, impart,
And make each one quite ready,
When summon'd to depart.
At midnight, or cock-crowing,
The Bridegroom shall appear :
May we with love be glowing,
Our lamps be burning clear.

3

Whose lamp is only trimmed,
Without supplies of oil,
A virgin may be deemed,
Yet foolish is, and vile ;
'Tis not the truth's profession
That God in death will own,
'Tis Jesus in possession
That gains the victor's crown.



XVIII.

TUNE 14, *or* 590.

1

What tremblings seize the traveller's soul
Beneath the dark'ning sky,
While awful thunders round him roll,
And vivid lightnings fly !
No sooner shine the sun's bright rays,
The clouds are all dispers'd,
All nature feels the bright displays
Upon the pilgrim burst.

2

While passing thro' this shadow'd vale
To yonder blissful land,
Black storms and tempests us assail,
O'er which we've no command.
Unerring wisdom thus permits
His children to be tried ;
But he that to His will submits
With help shall be supplied.

3

Ye tried souls, but wait the end
Appointed by your God ;
From Him deliv'rance shall descend,
With great increasing good.
Such seasons are by Him design'd
For blessings in disguise ;
With *some*, to raise the grov'ling mind,
And fix it on the skies :

4

With *some*, their secret sins to show,
The cursed thing destroy,
To cause the stubborn heart to bow,
And own the base alloy :

But *others* are, who think they stand
Upon their mountain strong ;
Let but temptation be at hand,
Their fall will prove them wrong.

5

Would each in truth with David cry,
“Now search me, O my God,
And prove my heart, and each rein try,
All cleanse with cov’nant blood ;”
Then peace and righteousness divine,
The broken bones make glad,
The soul, forgiven all its sin,
With joyful robes is clad.

6

Our God no pleasure doth enjoy
In causing grief of heart ;
His chief delight, supreme employ,
Is healing ev’ry smart :
On His reviving word rely,
However dark the veil ;
In ev’ry need to Him apply,
He will not—cannot fail.

7

Whate'er the dispensation be,
For all His children meet,
His aim obtain'd, each one shall see
For him it was most fit :
'Bove all on Jesus fix thine eye,
Who tempted was for us ;
As our High-priest He pleads on high ;
But ne'er His grace abuse.



XIX.

TUNE 582.

1

The Lord who died for me,
My Shepherd is, my God ;
He is the self-subsisting tree,
Whose fruit I've found so good.

2

Beneath its fragrant shade
With great delight I sit ;
What foe can make my heart afraid
Within this safe retreat ?

3

My hungry soul He'll feed
With manna from above,
While from the smitten rock proceed
Rich streams of bleeding love.

4

Tho' dark the valley look,
Death's ghastly shadow, long ;
My Shepherd's staff, His guiding crook,
Me comfort and make strong.

5

Should fears my heart assail
In death's last awful hour,
His promis'd aid can never fail,
My strength He is, my tower.

6

No evil will I fear,
My soul in triumph sings,
Because my Saviour's arm is near ;
I mount on eagle's wings.

7

His goodness, mercy, free,
Shall follow me while here,
Until without a cloud I see,
Rejoice without a fear.

8

His sacred courts I love,
Where meet His people here,
And in their midst I rise above
This glittering, empty sphere.

9

To them my heart doth cleave,
Their God is mine become ;
And, when on earth I cease to live,
With them shall be my tomb.

10

And, when above we meet,
No more to part again,
Our songs of praise will be complete ;
The Lamb we'll see as slain.



XX.

TUNE 22.

1

Lift up your voices all ye lands,
Your God a thankful heart demands,
A joyful sound His ear delights,
Your highest lauds His love invites.

2

A song prepare His face to meet,
The voice of holy mirth is sweet,
The Lord your God with gladness serve,
Strain every tongue, and every nerve.

3

Consider well, the Lord is God,
And none but He alone is good ;
By power and wisdom we are made,
And by His bounty daily fed.

4

Confess yourselves His heritage,
The sheep He feeds from age to age ;
He is our shepherd kind and true,
Each want He knows, supplies it too.

5

For all this goodness to us shewn,
His gates we'll enter, bowing down ;
Into His courts our praises bring,
And bless His name, and joyful sing :

6

He is the Lord, sole fount of bliss,
His mercy everlasting is ;
To ev'ry generation sure,
His truth and righteousness endure.

XXI.

TUNE 22.

1

With David, on my soul I call ;
O bless the living Lord of all,
And all within me bless His name ;
His love is one eternal flame.

2

This God of truth and mercy bless,
His countless benefits confess ;
Let none forgotten be by me,
Each on my heart engraven be.

3

He my iniquities forgives ;
Because my Advocate He lives,
His all-atoning blood He pleads,
And for me ever intercedes.

4


'Tis He my soul's diseases heals,
His peace imparts, my pardon seals ;
However burthen'd be my breast,
'Tis He alone that gives me rest.

5

To Thee, my God, what shall I say,
Preserver of my life each day !
From foes without, and foes within,
And dangers, oft I've saved been.

6

With loving-kindness, Lord, I own,
And tender mercies Thou dost crown
The years which Thy compassions spare,
My soul for glory to prepare.



XXII.

TUNE 83.

1

“Will ye also go away?”

To His followers said the Saviour:

Words that, to this very day,

He repeats to each believer.

Peter's answer ours should be

“To whom shall we go, but Thee?”

2

In Thee, Lord, alone are found

All the words of life eternal;

Of our faith Thou art the ground,

Of our life, the hidden kernel.

How from Thee shall we depart?

Thou alone our treasure art.

3

Searching are these words of love,
Piercing every joint and marrow ;
Christ His children oft doth prove,
To produce a godly sorrow.
Can we Peter's words apply,
All our fears and griefs must die.

4

Doubtings frequently arise,
In this state of imperfection :
Who to Jesus quickly flies,
Feels renew'd his grace-election :
Farewell then to every strife,
All within is peace and life.

5

“On this rock my Church I build ;”
To His Peter said the Saviour ;
“With my glory it is fill'd,
Not hell's pow'rs shall shake it ever ;
As my body's living head,
Every member I will lead.”

6

Prone indeed my sinful heart
Thee to leave, my God and Saviour ;
Faith and love to me impart,
That to Thee I cleave for ever ;
If of Thee I lose the sight,
Quickly then must be my flight.



XXIII.

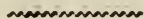
TUNE 590 *or* 14.

1

When Moses Pisgah's summit gain'd,
Whose base on earth was set,
Soon his unclouded eye obtain'd
A Canaan's view complete :
Bless'd type of heaven's all-blissful land,
By true believers seen,
When on faith's wings their souls expand
O'er all that is terrene.

2

'Tis then the things above we view,
Sweet foretastes oft enjoy,
By which we strengthen'd are anew,
Midst this poor life's alley;
And when disrob'd of flesh and blood,
In which we daily mourn,
We face to face behold our God,
To joy all tears He'll turn.



XXIV.

TUNE 167.

1

Tho' with majesty surrounded,
And by countless hosts ador'd,
Jesu's love remains unbounded,
All can never be explor'd.
In His Father's house of glory
Many mansions are contain'd;
I, saith He, ascend before you
To prepare your place ordain'd.

2

Mansions peaceful, glory's brightness,
Fill'd by Christ, the slaughter'd Lamb ;
There alone is perfect fitness,
Love divine in ceaseless flame ;
Angels' voices join'd in concert,
Singing in sweet harmony
O'er each sinner made a convert
By the gospel word so free.

3

Ask we now the solemn query,
By what claim we may apply,
In this world all dark and dreary,
Promises so great and high ?
We must say with faces blushing,
Lord, to Thee all right we owe,
While with tears our eyes are gushing,
For our call Thy name to know.

4

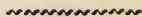
Merit never can be pleaded,
Mercy is our only plea ;
Ev'ry gift and blessing needed
Flow from Christ's humanity ;
In the spotless robe arrayed,
Purchas'd by His precious blood,
Can we sinners undismayed
Stand before the throne of God.

5

There with holy raptures fill'd,
While our eyes on JESUS gaze,
Wonders new will be revealed,
Filling all with deep amaze.
Grateful songs, amidst the vision,
Ransom'd spirits sweetly raise,
Each ascribing his transition
To the Saviour's boundless grace.

6

Zion's ways may we be treading,
While on earth we still remain,
Following close the Spirit's leading,
Till the heavenly rest we gain :
To the world, its pomp and pleasure,
Thus we crucified shall be ;
JESUS 'bide our highest treasure,
Till His face above we see.



XXV.

TUNE 11.

1

Hark, the Saviour's steps I hear ;
At the door He stands, quite near,
Softly knocking ; yet the sound
Reaches to my heart's deep ground.

2

“ If” saith He “ thou open’st wide,
I will come, with thee reside,
Yea remain, and supper keep :”
Words beyond expression deep.

3

Hear, my soul, His voice benign,
Offering thee the choice divine,
Ever His own guest to be,
Or refuse His face to see.

4

’Tis the day of His love’s power,
When He comes on thee to shower
Richest grace in streams most free,
Choicest viands offers thee.

5

Let Him not from thee depart ;
Ope the portal of thy heart ;
Say, “ my JESUS, to me come,
Make my worthless heart Thy home !”

6

Angels ne'er such love enjoy'd ;
Man alone inshrines His God :
Heavenly spirits longings feel
To unloose the covenant's seal.

7

In the Church they wonders see,
God with man in unity ;
Clearly view on Jesu's hand
His redeem'd engraven stand.

8

Veil'd appears the seraph bright,
'Fore JEHOVAH's dazzling light ;
Sinners, wash'd in Jesu's blood,
View with open face their God.

9

Brethren, your high calling prize,
O'er all things beneath the skies :
Earthly honors, pleasures, gain,
Mingled are with pungent pain.

10

Let it in our walk be seen,
That with JESUS we have been,
That as King o'er us He reigns,
And unrivall'd sway maintains.

11

Then shall we, in ev'ry state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto Christ who for us died,
Till with Him we're glorified.

12

Though I dust and ashes am,
Nought deserving here but shame ;
Since my Saviour condescends
Me to number 'mongst his friends ;

13

Grateful love be my return,
Love that cannot cease to burn,
Long as HE my lamp supplies
From a fount that never dies.

XXVI.

TUNE 585.

1

Though our God is still delaying
Christ's great day, for reasons wise ;
He at length will be displaying
Judgment's power before all eyes.
Ready be ye :||:
Watch and pray, the Saviour cries.

2

Men and things are all conspiring
Peter's words to verify :
Worlds on fire, each flame is wafting
Flakes terrific to the eye :
Dread confusion :||:
Stars descending from the sky.

3

See the sinners, foes to Jesus,
Quaking, fill'd with horror great ;
Nought, they cry, can now appease us,
From His wrath is no retreat ;
Trumpets sounding :||:
Hasten all the Judge to meet.

4

Myriads call upon the mountains,
Bury us beneath your fall !
Others fly to secret caverns,
As a screen from Judgment's call ;
Conscience dreading :||:
Sight of Christ the Judge of all.

5

But in vain ; howe'er unwilling,
Ye now are your doom to hear,
'Tis too late to be appealing
To the rocks to crush your fear ;
Set's the Judgment :||:
All the books now open'd are.

6

To the Angels there in waiting,
Saith the Judge with looks severe,
Bring them forth, who me were hating,
Their just sentence I'll declare :
From my presence :||:
Be ye all removed far.

7

Mark the Judge's quick transition,
As His sheep He doth behold ;
Bless'd, saith HE, is your condition,
Here I read your names enroll'd ;
“ Come ye blessed ” :||:
Take your place within the fold.

8

Zion's children, happy mourners,
Waiting your Redemption's day,
Now deliver'd from the scorers,
Ev'ry tear is wip'd away ;
Bliss unceasing :||:
Shall your portion be alway.

9

In the book of all the living

Let my name inscribed be :

Midst each sorrow here, and grieving,

Solace yields the hope to me.

Day most welcome :||:

Shall my Lord's last advent be.



XXVII.

TUNE 167.

1

Highly favor'd congregation,

Long hast thou been call'd to bear

Tidings good of man's salvation

To the Gentiles, far and near ;

Thousands, once in darkness sitting,

Bless the Brethren's Unity,

Since the call they are completing

JESU's name to magnify.

2

Fourscore years and four have passed,
Since we to *St. Thomas* went :*
These our first fruits far surpassed
All that thought could represent.
Blinded reason smiles with wonder
At a zeal so void of taste,
While the faithful lab'ers ponder
O'er their lot supremely bless'd.

3

Greenland's atmosphere so chilling
Soon a favor'd spot became ;
Brethren's hearts are render'd willing
Hottentots for Christ to claim.
Negroes here their knees are bowing
'Fore the Saviour's bleeding cross ;
Indians there in grace are growing,
Counting all but Christ as loss.

* "Aug. 21. 1732. First Mission of the Brethren to the Heathen, viz. the Negroes in *St. Thomas*."—*Memorial Days*.

4

Millions are in darkness straying,
Having not the Gospel-word ;
To the Lord we'll often, praying,
Lab'ers send by Him prepar'd.
Go, ye heralds, sound the Gospel,
Let its savor widely spread ;
Grace divine the Gentile rebel
Can subdue to Christ our Head.

5

Many we with joy see striving
Heathen countries to convert ;
Is each witness in Christ living,
All their words will reach the heart.
God be thank'd, the Church-divisions
In this work united are ;
For by means of settled missions
Converts learn the cross to bear.

6

Praised be the Lord our Saviour
For exciting in each land
Christian men (O prize the favor)
Bible knowledge to extend.
God's pure Word, without a comment,
In most tongues translated is :
Weigh'd against this God-like present,
Gold and silver quickly rise.

7

On each instrument employed
Blessings from our God abide,
'Till each idol be destroyed,
And all worship Him that died :
Then shall JESUS be delighted
With the travail of His soul ;
All in Him shall be united,
From earth's centre to each pole.

XXVIII.

TUNE 22.

1

Lord of the harvest, bless, we pray,
Thy servants' labours day by day ;
Where'er they go, command success,
Salvation's word on all impress.

2

Tho' weak Thy servants are, and feel,
To each impart a burning zeal :
The cause and honor, Lord, are Thine ;
Cause them as lights 'fore men to shine.

3

While they the Cross's word maintain,
Their labours cannot be in vain ;
Tho' here in tears the seed they sow,
Their God will cause the fruit to grow.

4

When all their work on earth is done,
And they are call'd before the throne,
Their Master then will kindly say ;
“ Tho' ye, I know, expect no pay ;

5

“ Rewards of grace I here reserve
“ For all who faithfully me serve ;
“ Now enter ye into my joy,
“ Let ceaseless praise be your employ.

6

“ Ah, Lord !” says each, quite overcome,
“ 'Tis joy supreme to be at home ;
“ To see Thy face, Thy smiles enjoy,
“ Is bliss that ne'er our souls can cloy.

7

“ As sinners ransom'd by Thy blood,
“ Who in ourselves have nothing good,
“ We glory only in Thy cross,
“ Still counting all beside as loss.”

XXIX.

TUNE 167.

1

In the Christian congregations,
Form'd by Peter, Paul, and John,
Agapès, bless'd recreations,
Oft were kept in spots alone.
We, as they, are brought together
By the word's magnetic power ;
And, like children of one Father,
Love-feast keep, and Christ adore.

2

Condescend, O Lord, to bless us
Here assembled in Thy name,
With thy dying love impress us,
Let us feel its kindling flame.
While rehearsing all the wonders
In Thy people's labors here,
Ev'ry faithful member ponders
On Thy ways, and drops a tear.

3

Or we hear a true narration
Of some dear departed one :
Let us, in the contemplation
On His faith, be pressing on ;
'Till by Thee we all are fitted
For th' inheritance above,
Where, Thy purposes completed,
We are perfected in love.



XXX.

TUNE 23.

1

Far surpassing human reason
Are the blessings, at this season,
By the dying Saviour given ;
Earnest sure are they of heaven.

2

Holy awe pervades each feeling,
While the Lord's Himself revealing
In a manner past expression ;
Deep indeed is the impression.

3

Bread and wine we are beholding,
While the Spirit is unfolding
Meanings deep, soul-penetrating ;
JESU's flesh by faith we're eating ;

4

Yea His blood, all-vivifying,
Drinking from His body dying,
While the Cross He was enduring,
Peace with GOD for us procuring.

5

How reviving are these juices,
Flowing from His stripes and bruises !
Feels the heart their influences ;
Life eternal here commences.

6

Passing thro' a vale most dreary,
Zion's pilgrims oft are weary ;
How refreshing the nutrition
From each Sacrament's fruition !

7

On the path for us ordained,
By His dying love constrained,
We anew this day will venture,
'Till the rest above we enter.



XXXI.

TUNE 159.

1

Adored be the Father GOD,
Both now and evermore,
Who governs by a single nod
The creatures of His power.
With love intense His bosom heav'd,
While He salvation's work conceiv'd;
Poor guilty man from death to save,
His Son He freely gave.

2

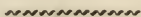
Adored be the Saviour's love;
He left His heavenly throne,
Came down our ruin'd state to prove;
Its curse oft made him groan.
Our ev'ry grief by Him was borne,
With nails His holy flesh was torn;
Despising shame, He death endur'd,
And heavenly bliss procur'd.

3

Adored be the Comforter,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
Truth's guide and sure interpreter,
By whom the unction's given :
By Him is JESUS glorified ;
Believers here are sanctified ;
Lost sinners to the Cross He leads,
His power all praise exceeds.

4

Let reason never interfere,
With mysteries so deep ;
The Trinity's a doctrine clear
To all who pray and weep
O'er sin's abounding influence ;
In Christ they put their confidence ;
In Him the Godhead's fulness dwells ;
His love my bosom swells.



ADDITIONAL PIECES.

ADDITIONAL PIECES.

I.

ON THE BIBLE. (1811.)

TUNE 590.

Divine appears th' inspired Book,
With heavenly truth replete :
While on each mystic page we look,
Descend, blest Paraclete !
Thy radiant beams the mist remove
From reason's darken'd eye :
Then we shall see a God all love,
Veil'd in humanity.

II.

ON CHRIST'S LOVE TO FALLEN MAN.

TUNE 590.

1

We all by nature are enslav'd
To Satan, sin, and death ;
No Angel e'er could us have sav'd,
Or gain'd the victor's wreath ;
As rebels vile we had remain'd,
Unpitied and forlorn ;
Had Christ not been by love constrain'd
Of woman to be born.

2

His glory bright aside He laid,
Whom heavenly hosts ador'd,
On earth descended, flesh was made,
That man might be restor'd.
Such boundless love I'd fain pourtray
In all its charms divine ;
In wonder lost, I sink away,
Th' attempt I must resign.

Tho' foil'd in this my heart's desire
 Love's image bright to draw,
 A spark I'll beg, from its pure fire,
 That frozen heart to thaw ;
 Thus warm'd by Heaven's all-perfect heat,
 My feeble song will glow ;
 For tho' its *notes* be incomplete,
 The *subject* is not so.



III.

ON MORTALITY.

 TUNE 22.

I

As sure as man on earth was born,
 To dust his body must return ;
 The deadly arrow quickly flies,
 At ev'ry stroke the object dies.

2

Or young, or old, or rich, or poor,
Not one escapes the awful hour ;
Uncertain is the *how* and *when*
This brittle frame by death is slain.

3

Each fleeting moment teems with death,
And numbers draw their final breath :
How ought we all to watch and pray,
And be prepar'd to meet the day !

4

Eternity, most awful sound ;
A corpse to lie beneath the ground ;
Are truths sufficient, one would think,
To rouse us standing on the brink.

5

But ah, the human heart is hard,
And nought can move it but the word
That breaks the rocks, and softens stone,
And wakens sleeping man, a drone.

6

In earnest then our minds begin
 To know ourselves as born in sin,
 Expos'd to God's eternal wrath,
 Whose broken law demands our death.

7

How can a wounded spirit rest ?
 No peace pervades th' awaken'd breast ;
 Confounded 'fore an injur'd God,
 The soul for mercy cries aloud.

8

Tho' known to God's omniscient ken
 Are all the secrets of all men ;
 And tho' He hears the cries of all
 That groan beneath poor Adam's fall ;

9

The cry that chiefly strikes His ear
 Is what proceeds from godly fear,
 Th' effect of sin's conviction deep,
 When souls begin to pray and weep.

10

When thus at Jesu's feet we bow,
 His mercy He doth freely show,
 Our souls with open arms embrace,
 And words replete with love and grace.

11

"Your sins," saith He, "are all forgiv'n,
 "My blood hath purchas'd peace and heav'n,
 "My words believe, and follow me,
 "And ye shall ever blessed be."

12

In Christ accepted, the Belov'd,
 All fear of death is quite remov'd;
 In patience wait we Him to see
 Amidst the ransom'd company.

13

Most happy they who thus have found
 True rest of mind, and solid ground
 On which their building shall remain
 Midst ev'ry storm and beating rain.

Not death, in all its darkest hue,
 Shall Jesus hide from faith's bright view ;
 Nor aught our spirit separate
 From Him in whom we are complete.



IV.

A SKETCH OF THE FOUR AGES OF HUMAN NATURE.

In infancy, we but digest,
 That flesh and blood may grow ;
In youth, the mind can seldom rest,
 So quick the currents flow ;
In middle life, in full employ,
 We know not where to stop ;
In hoary age, the tastes soon cloy,
 And in the grave we drop.



How happy the man who, while passing each age,
 By grace is enabled with Christ to engage !
 Then, longer or shorter be here his abode,
 His spirit at last shall rest in his God.

V.

FOR CHRISTMAS, 1810.*

TUNE 585.

1

Lo, He comes—Jehovah's Equal—
 Down from glory's highest throne,
 Fearing not the painful sequel,
 Once to wear a thorny crown.
 Sing Hosanna :||:
 Blessed be th' Eternal Son.

2

Lo, He comes—in form quite lowly,
 Born from Mary's hallow'd womb;
 As the Lamb, unspotted, holy,
 Bearing all our sins and doom.
 Sing Hosanna :||:
 Now the promis'd Seed is come.

* Printed by the Author.

Lo, He comes—all grace possessing ;
 Come, ye needy,—take your fill ;
 On this day of joy and blessing,
 To the Saviour—come who will !
 Sweet Hosannas :||:
 Ransom'd sinners echo still.



VI.

ON CHRIST'S LYING IN THE TOMB.

 TUNE 119.

Sacred tomb :||:
 May we sweetly here abide ;
 Soul and senses fast enclosed
 In the Saviour's pierced side ;
 Blessed Jesus,—so disposed
 Keep us all ; till we, to rest in Thee,
 Called be ! :||:

VII.

ON THE HOLY COMMUNION

TUNE 22.

1

Before the Saviour's cross we lie
O'ercome with shame and poverty :
On His pure body broke in death,
And precious blood, we feed by faith.

2

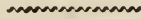
His flesh to eat, and drink His blood,
Is here His Church's highest good :
May we their quick'ning pow'rs now prove,
To raise our souls to things above.

3

The carnal nature, Lord, we pray,
O mortify anew this day,
That soul and body truly be
In all things more conform'd to Thee.

For love so great, and grace so free,
 To worthless, undeserving me,
 To Thee my heart I now resign,
 My Lord, my God, my King benign.

To Thy mild sceptre bows my soul,
 Rule Thou in me without controul,
 That, as Thy ransom'd property,
 To Thee I live, to Thee I die.



VIII.

ANOTHER. (WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER A
 HOLY COMMUNION.)

TUNE 22.

Of heavenly bliss sweet antepast,
 While on my Saviour's flesh I feast,
 And drink the soul-reviving blood
 Which from His wounds so freely flow'd!

2

Ah, thus I have regaled been—
 What so resembles heaven's bright scene?
 Away, each sensual, empty joy,
 Ye never fail my heart to cloy.

3

To sit with Mary at His feet,
 For me, poor sinner, is most meet;
 Be gone, ye tow'ring thoughts, from me,
 I'll dwell alone on Calvary.

4

See how the Bridegroom condescends
 To dwell among His waiting friends;
 To them His love He manifests,
 And feeds with His own life His guests.*



* The manuscript being left imperfect, the last line is supplied by the editor, T. G.

IX.

COLOSSIANS III. 1, 2.

TUNE 11.

1

If with Christ we risen are,
Let it in our walk appear
That we seek the things above,
Where dwells Jesus in His love.

2

There be our affections set,
Where our treasure lies complete ;
Wean'd from every thing on earth
Unbecoming the new birth.

3

In the soul where faith's begun,
There the warfare's carried on,
Till, as faith the vict'ry gains,
Christ without a rival reigns.

4

In the race that Christians run,
Is the prize adjudg'd to one ;
Him that fights beneath the Cross,
Him that counts all things for loss.

5

Very strong are nature's ties
To the earth, nor can we rise
'Bove each grov'ling appetite,
Till in Christ we've found delight.

6

Faith's foundation deeply laid,
He the object chief is made ;
Walk we humbly in His sight,
All within is peace and light.

7

True simplicity achieves
What proud reason disbelieves ;
Sinners sav'd by grace and faith
Walk with God until their death.

Cause us, Lord, each day to grow
 In Thy likeness here below ;
 Till Thy will accomplish'd be,
 Thee in glory's realms to see.



X.

HARK, HARK, MY SOUL.*

TUNE 590.

I

Hark ! hark ! my soul ; a still voice says,
 “ Take heed, yea watch and pray ; ”
 Let earthly cares, and busy thoughts,
 Be driven far away.
 At midnight watch, 'mid slumbers soft,
 And darkness all around,
 May heralds shout—“ The Bridegroom comes ! ”
 With trumpet's awful sound.

* Selected from a small publication of the Author in 1808,
 and sung at his funeral love-feast, Jan. 28, 1824.

What raptures *then* our souls shall feel,
 When, in Christ's likeness bright,
 With all the Angels we shall dwell
 For ever in His sight !
 While here below we still remain,
 To Jesus may we live,
 And every thought and action prove
 That we in Him believe !



XI.

APPROACH TO THE SAVIOUR.*

TUNE 90.

1

To Thee, my Saviour, I approach ;
 My poverty I can't express ;
 I long Thy garments hem to touch,
 So deep I feel my sinfulness.
 Thy mercy, Lord, is all my plea ;
 Vouchsafe to cast a look on me !

* Composed under the Author's distress of mind from a special view of his sinfulness and vileness, and the Saviour's kind looks of grace.

2

Confus'd I am, distress'd in mind ;

Only Thy presence peace can give :

To weep a flood I feel inclin'd,

But tears alone yield no relief :

Thy dying love is all I crave,

Until I reach the silent grave.

3

O Jesus, Jesus, mine art Thou ;

Electing grace hath made me Thine ;

This precious truth I dare avow,

In spite of every doubt within :

But when, above, Thy face I see,

Thy love my ceaseless praise shall be.

4

Farewell for ever all things here,

Whate'er may seem most dear to me ;

My heart's desire is fixed there,

Where Christ, my treasure, I shall see ;

In union close with Him, my God,

I rise above this earthly clod.

XII.

THE SINNER'S EXPRESSION OF PRAISE AFTER
HAVING FELT THE PARDONING GRACE OF GOD
IN CHRIST.

TUNE 22.

1

While I, in stillness, on this day,
Thy gracious leadings, Lord, survey ;
O'erwhelm'd I sink at the review
Of all Thy mercies, old and new.

2

And when my wand'rings I recount,
So great indeed is their amount,
Convicted at Thy feet I fall,
Concealing none, confessing all.

3

Shouldst Thou in judgment enter, Lord,
I could not answer Thee a word ;
To mercy's power appeal I now,
If *that* should fail, where shall I go ?

But this, I'm sure, can never fail,
For Jesus is the cov'nant bail ;
Here mercy's fountain freely flows,
Which ev'ry contrite sinner knows.

His gentle voice again I hear ;
“ My son, be filled with heavenly cheer,
My blood Thy pardon freely grants,
My grace supplies thy many wants.”

What more, dear Lord, can I desire ?
Thy word I feel like love's strong fire ;
My Friend,—my Shepherd, good and true ;
My highest praise to Thee is due.



XIII.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

TUNE 68.

1

Praise from sinful me
 To my Saviour be :
 While 'fore God I lay confounded,
 Mercy, grace to me abounded ;
 All my sins forgiven ;
 Foretaste sweet of heaven.

2

Lord, I Thee adore
 For this day of power,
 Soul and body freely tender,
 And to Thee my all surrender ;
 Own me Thine to be,
 Here, eternally.

May I walk Thy ways
 Softly all my days ;
 To Thee look, in each temptation,
 Author of my whole salvation ;
 Till I hence depart,
 See Thee as Thou art.

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XIV.

COMPOSED UNDER A SENSE OF GRATEFUL OBLIGATION.

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TUNE 146.

---

1

Awake, my soul, and sing  
 The praises of thy Saviour,  
 Thy warm thanksgiving bring,  
 For His unbounded favor ;  
 When lying in Thy blood,  
 Unknown by thee He pass'd,  
 Upon thee look'd for good,  
 And 'mongst the living class'd.

## 2

I cannot, Lord, express  
To Thee my obligation ;  
But yet I will confess  
Myself, thro' life's each station,  
That truly I am bound  
To serve Thy cause below,  
And gratitude profound  
With heart and mouth to shew.

## 3

My daily thanks receive  
For all Thy faithful leading,  
Since taught first to believe ;  
May I, while earth I'm treading,  
Be guided by Thine eye,  
And forward gently led,  
Till glory I espy,  
In blood-wash'd robe array'd.

---

## XV.

+ FOR MY 66th BIRTH-DAY, APRIL 2nd, 1813.\*

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TUNE 68.

---

1

On this natal day  
 I most humbly pray  
 For renewed strength and favour  
 Unto Thee, my Lord and Saviour ;  
 My most faithful Friend,  
 Whose Love has no end.

2

Sixty five years old ;  
 Oh, how manifold  
 Are the proofs of Thy forbearance !  
 Deeply bowed in Thy presence,  
 I now ask of Thee,  
 Freely pardon me !

\* 11 years before his happy departure, Jan. 19, 1824.

## 3

All the precious blood,  
 Which from Thee once flow'd,  
 Pleads in heaven for each transgression,  
 Far surpassing my confession :  
 On this lasting ground  
 My soul's peace I found.

## 4

Thus refresh'd anew,  
 I my course pursue.—  
 Though my strength is now enfeebled,  
 For Thy service quite disabled ;  
 Thy will to obey  
 Aid me night and day.

## 5

In this trying state,  
 Lord, Thy strength is great.  
 Weakness, pain, whate'er betide me,  
 In Thy dear wounds I will hide me ;  
 Refuge safe and sure,  
 My soul's final cure.

In the interim  
 Faith obtains a gleam  
 Of those rays so full of healing.—  
 Sun of Righteousness, revealing  
 Grace and truth divine,  
 On my darkness shine !

Thus the door of hope  
 Never fails to ope,  
 Filling me with joy and gladness,  
 Mitigating grief and sadness :  
 Peace divine is given,  
 Foretaste sweet of heaven.

Mid such bliss divine,  
 Need I e'er repine  
 O'er the body's each affliction?—  
 Oh, how sweet the clear conviction,  
 All's by Thee design'd  
 To prepare the mind !

## 9

From my faithful God  
 Nought can come but good.  
 Midst each trial He will heed me,  
 Through the waters safely lead me,  
 Till among the blest  
 With Him I shall rest.

## 10

There my song will be  
 Through eternity ;  
 “Worthy, worthy, is the Saviour,  
 Whose own blood did me deliver !  
 To the Lamb once slain  
 Glory be !—Amen.”

## 11

One suit still I have ;  
 Blessings rich I crave  
 For my tender, faithful partner :  
 Should I first take my departure,  
 Her support remain,  
 Till heaven's rest she gain.



105

12

But what shall I say  
 For each child this day ?  
 From Thee, Lord, may they be learning,  
 Thy great heavenly call discerning ;  
 To them grace impart  
 To give Thee their heart !

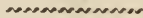
13

Each with light endow  
 His own self to know  
 A corrupted, sinful creature,  
 Spoil'd by sin through all his nature,  
 But by Christ redeem'd,  
 And through grace esteem'd !

14

To obey His voice  
 May it be their choice,  
 Counting it the greatest treasure  
 Him to love and serve with pleasure :  
 Thus they'll ready be  
 Once His face to see.

Joy supremely sweet,  
 When we all shall meet,  
 Father, mother, sons and daughters,  
 'Fore the Lamb, whose living waters  
 Both above, below,  
 Never cease to flow !



## XVI.

COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF 1817.

---

TUNE 580.

---

## I

My spirit, Lord, is deeply pain'd,  
 That I've so many years remain'd  
 A cumberer of the ground.  
 Still mercy's cheering voice I hear :  
 " I'll spare thee yet another year,  
 And dig, and warm thy root around."

## 2

But should it, Lord, my last one prove,  
 May nought on earth me ever move  
     From Thee, my soul's desire :  
 The more my need of Thee I feel,  
 Thyself in all Thy love reveal,  
     That I may catch the heavenly fire.

## 3

I'll wait (my lamp thus burning bright)  
 The Bridegroom's coming, day or night,  
     With joy to meet Him go ;  
 With robe clean wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
 And palm denoting foes subdued,  
     My mouth with praise shall overflow.

## 4

What joy with this can ever vie ?  
 All nature's stores I dare defy,  
     Her pleasures are but pain ;  
 To bear the cross with Jesu's fold,  
 In Life's best book to be enroll'd,  
     Are here below my joy and gain.

And when Thy glorious face I see,  
 I'll prostrate fall, adoring Thee,  
     My Lord, my God, and King;  
 For my election through Thy grace,  
 To me display'd in various ways,  
     Incessant praises I will sing.\*

~~~~~

XVII.

ON MY ENTRANCE INTO THE YEAR 1819.
 (SPONTANEOUS EFFUSION.)

TUNE 167.

1

While the mercies I'm rehearsing,
 By my Lord and Saviour shewn,—
 Fear I not, O Lord, Thy cursing?
 I am barren—"cut it down."

*"On the eve of every year since 1817, these supplicatory breathings of my soul have been poured out in the ever-attentive ear and bosom of my beloved Lord and Saviour."

Great Thy patience and long-suffering,
 Or Thy grace Thou hadst remov'd ;
 'Tis alone through Jesu's offering,
 Feels my soul, I'm still belov'd.

2

Comforted by *this*, and strengthen'd,
 Enter I on this new year ;
 To an age my days are lengthen'd ;
 Constantly I need Thy care :
 Chiefly, Saviour, make me ready,
 When Thou com'st my soul to call ;
 Let my lamp be burning steady,
 Trimm'd, and full of sacred oil !

3

On the partner of my bosom
 Choicest blessings now bestow ;
 Should'st Thou see a trial wholesome,
 Keep her in Thy peace below.
 For my children I'm entreating ;
 Grant what each one most doth need ;
 Let no foe their souls be cheating
 Of the purchas'd heavenly meed.

4

Let my sons, by Thee appointed
 To declare truth's mystery,
 By Thy Spirit be anointed,
 To His teachings faithful be !
 May their parents, once translated
 To the blissful shores above,
 Be with heavenly joy elated
 There to see each child remove.

5

Bless, O Lord, Thy congregation
 Fill her richly with Thy peace ;
 May she prove, in every station,
 Worthy of her call of grace.
 Guide her servants with Thy Spirit ;
 Thus will each Thy witness be,
 And at last will they inherit
 Full rewards of grace from Thee.

6

Glorious harvests they'll be reaping,
 Who to Gentiles preach Thy word :
 Oft are they in secret weeping,
 Yet the work is from the Lord :

As their day, He'll be imparting
 Strength of body and of mind :
 Oh, may nought be them disheartening ;
 Each from Thee support shall find.

~~~~~

## XVIII.

LINES AT THE CLOSE OF HIS MEMOIR OF HIMSELF,  
 MAY, 1823.

---

TUNE 580.

---

## 1

In weakness, pain, assure me, Lord,  
 Thy comforts sweet Thou wilt afford,  
 Until I cease to live ;  
 Since Thou death's sting extracted hast,  
 Its bitterness, we know, is past ;  
 Most blest are they who this believe.



## 2

What joy divine, what glorious view,  
When souls departing bid adieu  
    To every scene below !  
For Christ will safely *these* convey,  
'Thro' darkest shades, to endless day,  
    With Him to rest from every woe.

## 3

Ah, *then* our joyful tongues we raise,  
In everlasting songs of praise,  
    To our Redeemer, God :  
His precious blood, our robe most fair,  
Our surety firm 'gainst Judgment's bar,  
    And Satan's accusations proud.

---

“ HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.”

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